

THE 7119 27
KIT-CATS,
A
POEM.

To which is Added

The PICTURE, in Imitation of ANNACREON'S
BATHILLUS. As also the COQUET BEAUTY,
By the Right Honourable the Marquis of Nor-
mandby.

Tantæ Molis erat.----

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by H. Hills, in Black-
friars, near the Water-side. 1708.

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POEM

To which is Added

The FUTURE is the future of ANNACREON
HARVARD As also the GOD OF BEAUTY
The Right Honourable the Marquis of

Sir Richard Blackmore

James Mollis

LONDON

Printed and Sold by H. W. in the
near the Water-land

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T H E

Kit-Cats, &c.

I Sing the Assembly's Rise, Encrease and Fame,
That condescends to honour *Kit-Cats* Name,
Whose Pride, like thine, O *Rome*, from small
Beginnings came. }

Oh thou! who Chief Art to the Muses dear,
Whom Poets Court, and Statesmen love or fear:
Who with an uncontroul'd, Despotic Sway,
Dost still new Burdens on thy Subjects lay;
Who Tax'd by thee with less Reluctance bear
The Charge of *Cæsar's*. than of *ANN A's* War.
Who reeking in thy own, and *Roman* Sweat,
Dost ancient Conquests o'er the *French* repeat:
Do thou, great *Bocai* smoothe thy spacious Brow,
And one kind Smile on my Attempt bestow:
For thou, whose fertile Genius does abound
With noble Projects, didst this Order found.

And still dost cherish, cultivate and guide
 Thy humble creature and with decent Pride
 Dost, like the *God of Wine*, the *Kit-Cat* state *bestride*.
 Gracious appear, as when thou mount's thy Seat
 High in the great Assembly, to create
 Some Peer a Member of the *Kit-Cat-State*.
 Or, when *Apollo* like, thou'r't pleas'd to lead
 Thy Sons to feast on *Hampstead's* airy Head;
Hampstead, that now in fame *Parnassus* shall exceed.

When Warlike *William Albion's* Scepter swayd
 Succour'd th' Opprest, th' Oppressors progress staid
 And of *Europa's* Peace the blest Foundations laid;
 Illustrious Deeds were still the Hero's Aim,
 He follow'd Danger as he flew for Fame.
 A thousand Ills he bore in *Albion's* Cause,
 Patient of every Suffering, but Applause;
 Reverse of *Lewes* He (Example rare!)
 Lov'd to deserve the Praise he could not bear,
 He shun'd the Acclamations of the Throng,
 And always coldly heard the Poet's Song.
 Hence the great King the Muses did neglect,
 And the meer Poet met with small Respect.
 But tho' the Muses and their tuneful Train
 In that great Monarch's Military Reign,
 Had of the Royal Favour little Share,
 Still they were kinder *Bocai's* tender Care:
 He still carest the unregarded Tribe,
 And did to all their various Tasks prescribe;
 From whence to both great Acquisitions came,
 To him the Profit, and to them the Fame.

On the fair *Strand* by which with graceful Pride
 Unrivall'd *Thamis* rolls his alternate Tyde,
 Between the Courts which most the People awe,
 (In one the Monarch Reigns, in one the Law)
 A stately Building rear'd its lofty Head,
 Which both the *Thames* and *Town* around survey'd.

Here

Here crown'd with Clusters *Bacchus* kept his Court,
 Where mighty Vats his chearful Throne support;
 High o'er the Gate he hung his waving Sign,
 A *Fountain* Red with ever-flowing Wine.

Here Politicians us'd to Recreate
 Their Lungs exhausted with a long Debate,
 In sitting, or perplexing points of State.
 In Pleasure here they pass the wearing Night,
 And the hard Labours of the Day recite;
 They tell how bravely *Artop* Silence broke,
 And how much like an Angels *Oran* spoke;
 How some young Orators new come from School,
 Mounted the Rope, and danc'd without a Pole.

What wretched Speeches t'other Party made,
 How weak, and how insipid things were said
 By all their leading Men, but by their own
 What Miracles of Eloquence were thown,
What flames of fire, what Thunder-bolts were thrown!

How all their Speakers but of middle Name
 Out-did the *Grecians* and the *Roman* Fame.
 They tell with how much Negligence of Art
 With how sincere an Air, and open Heart,
 The prudent Prolocutor paid his Part.

The Victors of their glorious Conquest boast,
 They Triumph at the Vanquish'd Parties cost,
 And tell how down they look'd, the Question lost.

One Night in Seven, at this convenient Seat,
 Indulgent *BOCA* did the Muses treat,
 Their Drink was gen'rous Wine, and *Kit-Cat's*
 Pyes their Meat.

Here he assembled his Poetic Tribe,
 Past Labours to Reward, and new ones to prescribe;
 Hence did th' Assembly's Title first arise,
 And *Kit Cat* Wits sprung first from *Kit-Cat's* Pyes.
BOCA the mighty Founder of the State
 Led by his Wildom, or his happy Fate,
 Chose proper Pilliars to support its Weight.

All the first Members for their Place were fit,
 Tho' not of Title, Men of Sense and Wit.

While

While *Kit-Cats* by their Discipline secure;
 Preserv'd their well-fram'd Constitution pure;
 Soon from this warm well cultivated Bed
 Letters came forward, Sense began to spread,
 And Wit shot up apace its thriving Head.
 The Languid Muses, now, new Life acquire,
 And every Genius feels his native Fire.
 The chearful Bards their weekly Work reherse,
 And noble Subjects sing in noble Verse.
 No sweeter Lays, nor more harmonious Strains
 E'er blest *Parnassus*, or th' Arcadian Plains,
 The tuneful Tribe with praise ead other Crown,
 And *BOC A 7* with a Nod approves *Apollo's* Son.
 Old *Tbames* to listen to the Poet's Song,
 In ling'ring Volumes slowly crept along:
 But soon the Flood, that with reluctance past,
 To hear the charming Lays return'd in hast.
 Their Conversation fed their mutual Flame,
 And made the Bards at Flights much higher Aim.
 For Men of Wit do Men of Wit inspire,
 And Emulation strikes out nobler Fire.

Mean time these Sons of Wit advanc'd their Name,
 And fair, *Augusta* rung with *Kit-Cat's* Fame;
 Their brighter Beams Eclypse the fading Toast,
 That long before unrival'd rul'd the Roast.
 Now Crowds to Founder *BOC A 7* did resort,
 And for his Favour humbly made their Court;
 The little Wits attended at his Gate,
 And Men of Title did his Leve wait.
 For he as Sovereign, by Prerogative
 Old Members did exclude, and new receive.
 He judg'd who most were for the Order fit,
 And Chapters held, to make new Knights of Wit.

Now *Kit-Cat* Wits to their first Maxims true,
 Not of high Station, and in Number few,
 Did Wit's just Rights and Interests pursue.

They

They were by all esteem'd, by all carest,
 The Joy of all the Town, the Life of every Feast.
 Not a *Kit-Cat* Wit or two were there,
 That was the Wine, and rattlest was the Chear
 To such a height so soon their Credit rose,
 And such great Men their Order did compose,
 But who can flourish long, and raise no envious
 Foes?

As when new States Industrious, frugal, wise,
 By a swift growth to Strength and Wealth arise,
 The Realms around grow Jealous of their Pow'r,
 Suspect and fear those they depi'd before.
 Princes and States each others Courts alarm,
 And to suppress the rising Neighbour arm;
 So here the Foes of Wit soon Umbrage took,
 And did with Envy on the *Kit-Cat* look.
 The numerous Species of the Blockhead Race,
 Which the long Robe, Camp, Gown and Court dis-
 grace,

With all the vast Variety of Fools,
 Of Mother Nonsense, or improv'd in Schools,
 The Noisy and Impertinent, and all
 The Fops and Pedants, all the Whimfical,
 Half-craz'd, half-witted of the R——t——ff kind,
 Against the rising *Kit-Cat* State combin'd.]
 O *BOC A's*! all these mighty Clans rebell'd
 Against thy Throne, by Sense and Wit upheld.
 Their envious Tongues thy Government defam'd,
 And loud against thy growing Power exclaim'd:
 For they assert the Privilege to play
 The Fool, or Madmen in their several Way
 These Sons of Liberty will ne'er endure
 The Tyranny of Sense, or Vertue's Foreign Pow'r.

But they in vain the *Kit-Cat* State assail'd,
 Their ill laid Plots, and bungling Malice fail'd.
 Fixt on a Rock great *BOC A's* Throne withstood
 Confed'rate Ignorance, and Folly's confluent Flood.

Resisted thus his Reputation rose,
 For all Wise Men esteem what Fools oppose.
 Their Leaders raving that from each Attack,
 With mighty Loss, their Troops were beaten back,
 Resolv'd in Council on a wise Design,
 What all their Force withstood, to undermine,

In fam'd *Hibernia* on the Northern Main,
 Where Wit's unknown, and Schools are built in vain
 Between two Hills, that rise with equal Pride,
 And with their Tops the floating Clouds divide;
 A lazy Lake, as *Lethe*, black and deep,
 Secure from Stroms, extended lies asleep.
 Young vigorous Winds, which heavy Tempests bear,
 VVill fruitless Toil shove at this stagnant Air;
 Their Breath all spent, they from their Labour cease,
 And leave th'unweildy Fogs to rest in Peace.
 The Beasts that come for Water, at the Brink,
 Benumn'd stand nodding, and forget to drink;
 The Birds by luckless Fortune hither brought,
 Fall down and sleeping on the VVaters float.
 The thoughtless Boatmen, scarcely half awake,
 Do never one Successful Voyage make,
 But yawn, and drop their Oars into the sluggish
 Lake.

These Shores that with this quiet Breed abound,
 Kindly supply the neighb'ring Nations round
 VVith calm Commanders, who enjoy their Ease,
 And rule in time of War, a harmless Fleet in Peace.

On the dark Margin of the Stagnant Flood,
 The Temple of the God of Dulness stood.
 With rude Magnificence high in the Air
 Thick Walls of Mud the pond'rous Roof did bear.
 Of Birds the formal Owl, of Beasts the Ass
 Dear to the God, did dark the Niches grace.
 And on the Dome's high Front ill cut in Wood,
 Sottish *Silenus*, and Dull *Morpheus* stood,

Irregular

irregular it seem'd in every Part,
 Which as in *China*, here is perfect Art.
 In Gouty Pillars, thick unlightsome Walls,
 With Windows at the Top, like Pidgeon-Ho'es,
 It imitates our hideous Church of *Paul's*
 Such is the Skill, that all the Parts appear
 Contriv'd for dull and blind Devotion here.
 Sleek pamper'd Priests beneath the Altar snore,
 And stretcht at Ease, their stupid God adore.
 The Vor'ries here Eternal Silence keep,
 And unreprouch'd their Worship pay asleep.
 The Idol is compos'd of massy Lead,
 And Wreaths of Poppy-Flowers adorn his Head.
 olling and yawning in his Chair of State,
 And dropping down his Head the drowsy Figure sate.
 For Incense here, instead of *Indian* Gums,
Latum and Poppies spread their grateful Fumes;
 Which lull'd the Senses vext with Care and Pain,
 Blunt the sharp Edge of Thought, and kindly cloud the
 Brain.

Hither the various complicated Foes,
 That all enrag'd against the *Kit-Cats* rose,
 Worn Enemies to *BOCAJ*, and to *Wir*,
 Sent Deputies for their Employment fit;
 The Coxcomb Clan Sir *Thomas Trifle* chose,
 Prince of the Civil Fops, and Grey-hair'd Beaus.
 The Grave and Bookish Block-heads of our Isle,
 Chose a fam'd Native of th' Hibernian Soil,
Odwell of undigested Fathers full,
 Opprest with Learning, and profoundly dull,
 The *Vertuoso* Tribe deputed S ———,
 Who got the Poll from L ——— r but by one.
 The Mountebanks were first inclin'd to *Read*,
 But *Twinkler* nam'd, in *Twinkler* all agreed.
 The Politicians did their M ——— k ——— th send
 To all the Foes of Sense a faithful Friend:
 He with him took his Books a pond'rous Load,
 And resign'd an Off'ring to the Sleepy God.

The

The Pedant Tribe, who Wit and Sense oppose;
 And the false Criticks, Learning's Mortal Foes,
 Cb——*tw*——*d*, a wond'rous shining Genius, chose,
 Strong B——*ks* was chosen by the lower Gown,
 The Scribbling Rakes sent the poor Devil *Brown*,
 Who doom'd to starve yet fated to believe
 He shall in Eating Circumstances live,
 Does with a Stomack empty, as his Head,
 Write in a Garret to the Shops for Bread.
 The Lawyers once of one Opinion chose
 The great *Aurato* with a loud Applause.
 These zealous Men, *Aurato* at their Head,
 To the fam'd Temple went with eager Speed;
 Where their grave Speaker slowly Silence broke,
 And thus the God of Dulness did invoke:
 But hem'd and paus'd, and on his Notes did pore,
 Repeating often what he said before.

Great Droufie Pow'r whose wide extended Sway
 All the Cold Kingdoms of the North obey?
 Who gently rul'st the whole Hibernian Isle,
 And a large part of *Albion's* neighb'ring Soil;
 We, in the Name of all thy Vot'ries there,
 Address thy Altars with our humble Pray'r.
 An Upstart Sect, one *Bocai* at their Head,
 Have great Commotions in *Britannia* bred.
 Who wou'd with Arts the *British* Heads refine,
 And the Subversion of thy Throne design.
 The Kingdom into Parties they have split,
 Enthusiasts of Sense, and Schismatics of Wit.
 In Strength the restless Sectaries encrease,
 And interrupt thy quiet Subjects Peace.
 Still with fresh Conquests they extend their Fame,
 And now at Universal Empire aim.
 Those who to thee have firm Affection shwon,
 And always labour'd to support thy Throne,
 Who ne'er suspected were of such a Sin,
 To speak in favour of the Sect begin.

} himself affects to be discreet,
 and wav'ring *W*——*d* inclines to be a Wit.
 y'n *T*——*e* and *D*——*fy* disaffected grow,
 and underhand are treating with the Foe.
 Ambiguous *D*—— who to no Side adher'd,
 strangely drawn in has for the Sect declar'd.
Ugo, whom still we did with Honour Name,
 Who common Sense despis'd, and laugh'd at Fame,
 Assumes Judicious Airs, and in the Pit,
 Grows hot for Sense, and violent for Wit.
Robell who all th' Assaults of Sense did mock
 Solid, unchang'd and steady as a Rock,
 In these Revolting Times begins to shake,
 Of the new Itch does broad Discov'ries make,
Alga who Wonders on our Side has done,
 A heavy Loss, is from our Party gone,
 Young *Ollan* so well principled and free
 From the wild Notions of fine Company,
 Ah much lamented Youth! is from us lost,
 The gravest Genius, which our Cause could boast.
 Had he escap'd his late unhappy Stain,
 And not with Wit forc'd his reluctant Brain.
 I had enroll'd him my adopted Son,
 To him I had bequeath'd my Scarlet Gown.
C——, and *S*——*l* and a thousand more
 For whom, as for my self, I wou'd have sworn,
 Who stood unshaken, now begin to start,
 Leave their old Friends and take the Faction's Part.

If thou, great Pow'r, dost not with speed apply.
 To this Disease some Sovereign Remedy,
 Soon from the Empire *Albion* will be won,
 By *Bucar's* Kit-Cat Squadrons over run.
 Squadrons for this great Undertaking fit,
 All clad in solid Sense, and treble polish'd Wit.
 Proud Kit-Cat Wits will triumph at thy Cost.
 Nor wilt thou more of *Britain's* Vot'ries boast,

A Revolution which was never fear'd,
 Where thou hast been so lov'd, and so rever'd.
H——*n* no longer will thy Shrines adore,
 Nor will *Tr*——*m* e'er obey thee more.
 Great *B*——*ks*'s Gownman who have still withstood
 All Light and Sense, and made their Party good,
 These numerous Clans will all thy Cause disown,
 Declare for Wit, and worship *Bocai*'s Throne.
 A thousand Politicians will desert
 Their ancient Side, and take the Rebels Part—
 More had he said, but strove in vain to keep
 His falling Eye-lids ope, and fell down fast asleep.

This Pray'r disturb'd the dozy God's Repose,
 Who with Reluctance from his Seat arose,
 He stretch'd a while, and half awake did stand,
 Rubbing his heavy Eye lids with his Hand.
 Rousing himself he to *Aurato* came,
 And gave him this kind Answer in a Dream.
 Thou who so well dost thy high Post adorn,
 For fair *Britannia*'s and my Service born,
 Know, faithful Servant, I shall still protect
 My *British* Vor'ries from this hated Sect.
 The haughty *Kit-Cats* who my Pow'r defy'd,
 Shall find me able to correct their Pride.
 Let not my Friends despond, for certain Fate.
 Decrees the Ruin of the *Kit-Cat* State.
 Let *Kit-Cats* cease to boast, cease ye to fear,
 The Fall, O *Bocai*, of thy Throne is near.
 Infernal Pow'rs will send at my Request,
 Faction from Hell thy Empire to infest.
 She'll with the Poison of her vip'rous Brood
 Infect their Veins, and agitate their Blood.
 She'll with Infernal Heat their Breasts inspire,
 And with their Breath blow up Sedition's Fire.

Now angry *Kit-Cats* feel the Fury's Flame,
 Talk big, and *Bocai* with Dishonour name.

Again

'gainst his Ministration they inveigh,
 His Haughty Airs, and Arbitrary Sway.
 They cry he Sep'rate Int'rest carries on,
 Attends their Profit, but designs his own.
 Each Defamation shall they spread abroad,
 And with Collected Scandal *Bocai* load
 All in the troubled State things desperate grown,
 Tragious *Kit-Cats* shall assault his Throne
 A Defection Universal, they
 From their high Court Rebellion's Flag display,
 And swear they will no more the Tyrants Will obey. }
 They'll then dethrone their Leader and declare
 An Interregnum and a vacant Chair.
 His crowns my Wish, with *Bocai* sinks their State:
 Who else has Sholders equal to its Weight?
 As depos'd, the Sect with Faction tent,
 Embroil'd in Feuds and sow'r with Discontent,
 Fall into various Warring Parties split,
 Which brings the Downtal of Imperious Wit.
 His Doom attends the Upstart *Kit-Cat* State,
 This shall be Wit's, this shall be *Bocai's* Fate.
 Go back in Peace, my faithful Vor'ries, go;
 Let high *Augusta* my Prediction know.
 Let all the Clans and Sects you represent,
 Meet in the Prospect of the great Event.

F I N I S.

THE

*The PICTURE: In Imitation
of Anacreon's Bathillus, by the
Right Honourable the Marquis of
Normanby.*

THOU Flatterer of all the Fair,
Come, with all your skill, and care,
Draw me such a Shape, and Face,
As your Flatt'ry would disgrace.
With not that she would appear,
'Tis well for you she is not here;
Scarce can you with safety see
All her Charms describ'd by me,
Who, alas, have found too well
What a power does in them dwell;
I, alas, the danger know,
I, alas, have felt the Blow;
Mourn, as lost, my former Days,
That did not sing of *Celia's* praise;
And those few that are behind
I shall blest, or wretched find,
Only just as she is kind.

With her tempting Eyes begin,
Eyes that might draw Angels in
To a second sweeter sin,
Oh, those wanton rowling Eyes!
At each glance a Lover dies:
Make them bright, yet make them willing,
Let them look both kind and killing.

Nex

Next, draw her Forehead, then her Nose,
And Lips just opening, which disclose
Teeth so white, and Breath so sweet,
So much Beauty, so much Wit,
To our very Soul they strike,
All our Senses pleas'd alike;

But so pure a white and red
Never never can be said;
What are words in such a case?
What is paint to such a Face?
How should either Art avail us?
Fancy here it self will fail us.

In her Looks, and in her Meen
Such a graceful Air is seen,
That if you with all your Art
Can but reach the smallest part,
Next to her, the Matchless She,
We shall wonder most at Thee.

Then, her Neck, and Breasts and Hair,
And her----- but my Charming Fair
Does in a thousand things excel,
Which I must not, dare not tell.

How go on then? Oh, I see
A Lovely *Venus* drawn by Thee;
Oh how fair She does appear!
Touch it only here and there;
Make her yet seem more Divine,
Your *Venus* then may look like mine,
Whose bright form, if once you saw,
You by her would *Venus* draw.

TO A
COQUET BEAUTY.

By the same Author.

From Wars and Plagues come no such harms,
As from a Nymph so full of Charms,
So much sweetness in her Face,
In her Motion such a Grace,
In her kind-inviting Eyes
Such a soft enchantment lies,
That we please our selves too soon,
And are with vain hopes undone.

After all her softness, we
Are but Slaves, while she is free?
Free, alas, from all desire,
Except to set the World on fire.

Thou, fair Dissembler, dost but thus
Deceive thy self as well as us;
Like Ambitious Monarchs, thou
Would'st rather force Mankind to bow,
And venture o'er the World to roam,
Than govern with content at home,
But trust me, *Celia*, trust me when
Apollo's self inspires my Pen,
One hour of Love's Delights out-weighs
Whole Years of Universal Praise,
And one Adorer kindly used,
Is of more use, than Crowds refused.

For what does Youth and Beauty serve?
Why more than all your Sex deserve?
Why such soft alluring Arts
To charm our Eyes, and melt our Hearts?
By our loss, you nothing gain;
Unless you love, you please in vain.

F I N I S.